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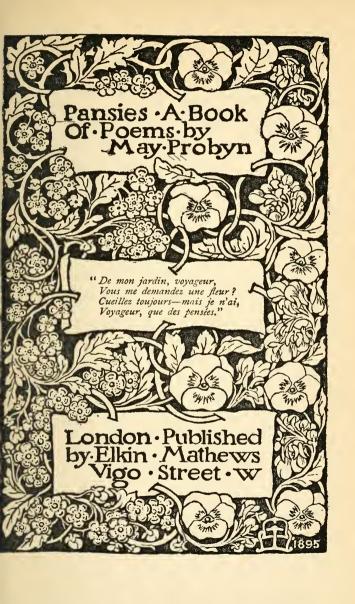
Ex Libris
ISAAC FOOT





o the Swee Pansies





PR5190 P7A17 1895

#### TO

# Dora and Julian

Three, we learned together
At our mother's knee—
Three, through altered weather
The highway travel we—
God send in Heaven's gold ether
We stand before Him, three.

M. P.

London,
November, 1894



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#### Ballad

"LO, my seam is but begun,
And my flax is but half spun.
The red sun dippeth to the sea—
Come not here to hinder me."

"Leave thy sewing, and rise up. Tarry not to weep nor sup. Beyond sun, beyond sea, Maid, thou must go with me."

"Nay, for I first must weave, Whiter than stars at eve, Robe wherein to habit me What day wedded I shall be."

"More white than on the wing Snowflakes, a robe I bring—
More white than the face of the dead, To wind thee in from feet to head."

Ι

В

"A mother dear I have. My feet would dig her grave If I fared forth from her— Away, strange messenger!"

"Needs must thou leave her side What day they call thee bride. He that here sendeth me Willeth thy spouse to be."

"Clad in the royal red And a crown on his head, I will be bride of none But a king's eldest son."

"Crown, yea, and girdle of gold Are His. And, eke, behold, Of gold His city's pavement is, Bordered all with fleurs de lys."

"Why at thy tale so stir
My heartstrings, messenger!.
Oh! say (if thou shouldst know)
There doth a river flow?"

"Yea, beset with flowering trees And fields of anemones— River, sans storm, sans strife, Of the water of Life." "Oh! 'tis He for wedding with Whom This white web doth fill my loom. Say quickly, of thy grace, Where is the meeting place?"

"Maid, where the lions roar On the blood-deluged floor, And the torment waiteth thee— There thou must go with me."

# Lord John

Lady Anne was playing at the ball,
When the Southron lord stepped into the hall.

Her robe was wrought with blossom fair; The diamonds hid her yellow hair. Her robe was white, all silver sewn; Her face was like a rose new blown.

"Oh, Lady Anne, you little white dove, Will you be my wife? will you be my love?" "Nay, ye maun ask my father bold, And my mother that spins wi' a thread of gold,"

Her father gave her a saddle fine, All gilt, with pearls in rows of nine; Her mother gave her a veil wove thin As mist, with grains of gold therein; And her sister, Lady Margaret, A silver pear and pomegranate. Then up and spoke her brother, Lord John: "Ye never sall wed you Southron loon." Her brother, Lord John, that was lithe of limb, "Ye sall sooner dee than gang hame wi' him."

In all the towers the bells made noise. Shrill sang and sweet the Altar boys. The stair with cloth of gold was spread; The board with wines, both white and red. Till, when the afternoon was come, That lord would have his lady home.

Her sister fetched her mantle green, With small flowers worked and buds between; Her father led her to the door; Her mother clasped her o'er and o'er; Holding the stirrup, her brother lord John Stood by her horse and set her thereon.

"Frae your saddle o' gowd an' pearls in a row Lean down and kiss me before you go." As she leaned her down to kiss and part, With his knife he smote her under the heart.

The young footpage of the Southron lord Ran by their side thro' field and ford. "You little meek love-bird, lady Anne, I wis your cheeks grow white and wan. One mile further and half a mile And you shall rest you in merry Carlisle." "Oh, lift me softly over yon stile— It's aye too far to bonnie Carlisle. Lift me softly into yon meads— Your little footboy can hold the steeds."

"Now, God have mercy, what colour is this Breaks through your mantle's broideries?"
His knee was the pillow for her head.
His hand with her heart's blood was red.
And it's "What will you leave to your father bold?"
"My steed milk-white that's shod with gold."
"And what to your mother dear?"—"The girdle Of gold and pearls from round my middle."
"And what to your sister Margaret sweet?"
"The pearl-pricked shoon from off my feet."
"And what to lord John that's lithe of limb?"
"A priest to shrive and to housel him."

And it's "What will you leave to me, to me, That hold your head upon my knee?"
"Oh, the ring wherewith you made me wife—I ha' loved and I love you abune my life."

#### Virelai

In the garden of the King
Oh! the fair birds on the wing—
Oh! the fair boughs full of white
Flowers and vermeil, where they sing,
Silver-throated sing and swing—
The soft breezes all alight
With the clear gold winnowing
Of swift angel plumes, that fling
Trail of glory left and right,

And throb onward out of sight.

Lift thy heart up, dolorous wight,

In thy house of pain and care;

Dost complain that hidden are quite

All the rose and chrysolite

Of the sunsets? Hast no share

Longer in March meadows dight

With tall daffodils, and flight

Of brown birds through the blue air?

Long grass wind-tossed everywhere, Gorse bloom that the uplands bear Though 'tis thine no more to see, Lift thy heart and pray this prayer, "If the prison is so fair,
Lord, what must the palace be?"\*
All the glory, as it were,
Of all sunsets gathereth there,
Dolorous one, and waiteth thee.

Just a few years, two and three,
While all sweet things further flee,
Canst not suffer? Such, and more
Sweets, in the King's garden He
Hath beyond measure. To the knee
Blow white tulips round the door,
Crocus and anemone;
And the fruits on every tree
Burn translucent to the core.

All of fine sward is the floor,
Thick with lilies starred o'er;
There the whole year round 'tis Spring—
Not in any year of yore
Hast thou met the like before!
So, they to the King shall bring
Thee, and His fair hands shall pour
Into thine of joys such store

\* Saint Augustine.

As shall pass all fathoming.

# "Is it nothing to you?"

WE were playing on the green together,
My sweetheart and I—
Oh! so heedless in the gay June weather,
When the word went forth that we must die.
Oh! so merrily the balls of amber
And of ivory tossed we to the sky,
While the word went forth in the King's chamber
That we both must die.

Oh! so idly, straying through the pleasaunce, Plucked we here and there
Fruit and bud, while in the royal presence
The King's son was casting from his hair
Glory of the wreathen gold that crowned it,
And ungirdling all his garment fair,
Flinging by the jewelled clasp that bound it,
With his feet made bare.

Down the myrtled stairway of the palace,
Ashes on his head,
Came he, through the rose and citron alleys,
In rough sark of sackcloth habited,

And a hempen halter—oh! we jested Lightly, and we laughed as he was led To the torture, while the bloom we breasted Where the grapes grew red.

Oh! so sweet the birds, when he was dying,
Piped to her and me—
Is no room this glad June day for sighing—
He is dead, and she and I go free!
When the sun shall set on all our pleasure
We will mourn him—What, so you decree
We are heartless—Nay, but in what measure
Do you more than we?

#### Love in the Lane

"IT is nothing," we said, "though we have to

We are young—we are both of us young."

My love was a lad leaning over the gate-(All that song has been sung.)

He whistled such tunes as he walked by the cart. The gayest of any I know-

That was a long time ago, sweetheart; Ah, what a long time ago!

The gladness of hearing the waggon wheels creak, The horses plod over the hill,

The sound of the bells every day of the week— (Hark! are they tinkling still?)

"It is nothing," we said, "though we have to part-It will all come again, we know."

That was a long time ago, sweetheart; A long time, a long time ago.

The hedges were flowering against the red sky-Linnets sang loud in the tree-

He plucked me three roses, and bade me good-bye-(The roses are withered, all three.)

Is it death, is it life, that has kept us apart? Shall I know? shall I ever know?

It is all such a long time ago, sweetheart; Ages and ages ago.

## Sonnet

WISH not withdrawn or changed thy bitter chalice—

Think'st thou the bride would rend or fling away
The sorry garment dim of hodden grey

That clad her when, in the rain, through the gorsegrown valleys

Tending the herd she fared, and forth from his palace

One rode, and loved her in her mean array, And wedded, and took her home to holiday Thenceforth among his peach and jasmine alleys?

Who knoweth? perchance had robbed thee of thy heart

Joy of this life, hadst thou been whole and straight.

Thy pain, as it were, hath prisoned thee apart,
That thy Beloved might say, "All Mine thou art"—
Ah! since therein He chose thee, as treasure rate,
As thy betrothal robe, thy stricken estate.

## Christmas Carol

Lacking silver and gold,
The Prince Jesus in the poor stable
Slept, and was three hours old.

As doves by the fair water, Mary, not touched of sin, Sat by Him,—the King's daughter, All glorious within.

A lily without one stain, a
Star where no spot hath room—
Ave, gratia plena—
Virgo Virginum.

Clad not in pearl-sewn vesture, Clad not in cramoisie, She hath hushed, she hath cradled to rest, her God the first time on her knee. Where is one to adore Him?
The ox hath dumbly confessed,
With the ass, meek kneeling before Him,
"Et homo factus est."

Not throned on ivory or cedar, Not crowned with a Queen's crown, At her breast it is Mary shall feed her Maker, from Heaven come down.

The trees in Paradise blossom
Sudden, and its bells chime—
She giveth Him, held to her bosom,
Her immaculate milk the first time.

The night with wings of angels
Was alight, and its snow-packed ways
Sweet made (say the Evangels)
With the noise of their virelays.

Quem vidistis, pastores?
Why go ye feet unshod?
Wot ye within yon door is
Mary, the Mother of God?

No smoke of spice is ascending
There—no roses are piled—
But, choicer than all balms blending,
There Mary hath kissed her Child.

"Dilectus meus mihi
Et ego Illi"—Cold
Small cheek against her cheek, He
Sleepeth three hours old.

# The Miracle of Mercy

#### A FACT

"MIDNIGHT hath struck from all the clocks.
Who is it cries on my name and knocks?"
Rouse thee, Father John Marie.
Oh! make haste and ride with me."

"Who needeth me in the heart of the night?"
"One that must die before daylight.
Fetch quickly, Father John Marie,
The holy oils, and ride with me."

"A lad was I, and my locks nut-brown, When last from saddle I vaulted down. I will follow thee fast, tho' my hair be white, But my feet shall carry me best this night."

"Now, nay, for the sturdiest could not stride The length of the road that we must ride. Mount! mount! lest clocks strike two, strike three, And a soul be damned for lack of thee."

re re

Bundle of hay on the barn's bare floor, Blood that trickled under the door, Blood on the gold of the broidered coat, Ghastly, gaping wound in the throat.

"Oh! for the love of God, a priest!"
"Where shall we find one, west or east?
In this heretic land we may seek all day,
The nearest is shires and shires away."

"Oh! bring a priest, for Jesus' sake. Years it is since I knelt to make My confession, and was forgiven. Oh! for God's sake, get me shriven."

Gasping, shuddering, ever to him Dimmer the lights grew, and more dim; Sharpened ever his ashy cheek; And still his dry lips strove to speak.

Clatter of hoofs through the dark that rang, And stopped at mid-gallop—two that sprang Breathless each from a reeking steed, With hair blown wild in their headlong speed.

"Father! Father! dreaming am I? Or com'st thou truly to help me die?" "Yea, my son, annealed and shriven, To send thee in Christ's arms to Heaven."

"While the low sun looks through the orchard bough, Brother Martin, what readest thou?" "Of a holy priest in the north countrié, In hiding, Father John Marié."

"Wherefore in hiding?" "For that he At the cock-crowing, Father John Marié, Assoiled and anointed one that lay In his life's last throes on a heap of hay.

"Blood (it saith) from a gash in his throat Gruesome ran o'er his gold-laced coat, And out 'neath the door—What aileth thee? So pale thou'rt, Father John Marié."

"Whence, Brother Martin, came the priest?"
"Nay, none can hear it, and west and east
They have searched, to slay him, and found him not,
For the good God hideth him well, I wot."

"His name, Brother Martin, read to me."
"Tis written not, Father John Marié.
Dost think belike 'tis a friend? Now, nay.
Who knoweth? 'tis shires and shires away.

"One there was that rode by his side
Thither and thence, to serve as guide,—
One seen never of any before
(It saith) and that since hath been seen no more."

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Musing, marvelling, ever went he In wonder, Father John Marié.
Oh! by whom that night was he bidden
To ride? And, oh! what road had they ridden?

The length of the realm, as now he saw, In less than an hour—And with trembling awe, "Benedictus," would whisper he, "Qui venit in nomine Domini."

### Ballade

(APRIL 27TH, 1882)

THE thrushes were singing between the showers,
Between the showers of an April day;
And they said, "There is noise in the tall old towers
Of marriage bells and of roundelay.
Oh, the world," each sang to his mate, "looks gay,
When it seems a garden that holds but two!
Green be the garden as meads in May,
And God give His sunshine all the year through!

"From the leaf and the blossom of other bowers
Came a Princess through the salt sea-spray;
But now she is ours!" they sang, "she is ours!
She has come with the Spring, she has come to
stay.

Soft blow the winds in her path at play!

Never be cloud on her reach of blue!

Fair be the fields where her feet shall stray,

And God give His sunshine all the year through!"

Other thrushes and other flowers
Shall she miss from the Springs of the Future?
Nay,

Not if the welcome of these first hours

Half the wish of our heart can say—
Not if the tribute our tongue can pay
Be half as loud as the homage is true—
Oh, blest be the garden as Eden clay,
And God give His sunshine all the year through!

#### Envoi

Prince! be sure of the hearts that pray,
While Summer is breaking for her and for you;
Blossom make lovely each step of your way,
And God give His sunshine all the year through!

## Cophetua

THE land and the sea were grey,
Steeped in a silver mist.
Why did he come this way
And woo me or ever I wist?
Oh! what shall I do next
In the fair, windless weather?
Heart of mine in its joy perplexed
With Yea and with Nay together.

My father, mending his net,
Saith, "Marry thee, child of mine."
The eyes of my mother are wet,
Where she sitteth to milk the kine.
My little sisters stare—
They cry, "Thou wilt play with us never—
In thy shining robe, with the pearls in thy hair,
Thou wilt play not again for ever.

"The sarks and the sheets fine spun, Rinsed white as a white dove's wings, Thou wilt hang no more in the sun With thy hands all diamond rings," Oh, yea! or, oh, nay! shall I say
In the strange, silent weather?
Would he had held on his seaward way—
But, lo, we have met together.

# "Ite ad Joseph"

#### A LEGEND

BETWEEN the soul and the Blessëd Land St. Peter stood, with the Keys in his hand—

"Thou hast lived in sin, and hast died in sin, And thou mayest not enter the Gate within."

But the poor soul cried only, "St. Joseph, attend!" Cried ever, "St. Joseph! my father, my friend—

"They say I have sinned—and it well may be— But was not I always devout to thee?

"Did ever my feet through a church-door go But before thine image I louted low?

"Chapel of thine have I ever sought But I lighted candle, or roses brought?

"Have not I cleaved to thee, sick and well? And wilt thou permit me to fall into Hell?"

Faithful father, St. Joseph came— But ever St. Peter spake the same—

"He has died in sin, and sin that was great, And how shall he enter within the Gate?"

To the Angel Choir, whose wings seemed dipped In sunset glory, and glory-tipped,

St. Joseph ran, and on to the Choir, With wings like a harvest field on fire—

The First fair Order hushed, when they heard, Their citherns, and hushed them the Second and the Third,

Till, each after each, had gone Orders eight, And the Ninth Order last of all, down to the Gate,

And left not aught they could say unsaid; But ever St. Peter shook his head.

Through golden street upon golden street Went St. Joseph with hurrying feet,

Till one by one, and by twos and threes,
The Saints came down 'neath the blossoming trees,—

Saint after Saint down the lilied stair, Till all the Blessëd in Heaven were there. But ever his head St. Peter shook, And ever his way St. Joseph took

Past the meadows, where never a soul Remained, nor an Angel played cithole,

Farther yet through the Blessëd Land, To one that was seated at Christ's Right Hand.

In her pearly vesture, and mantle spun As from dew-bright rays of the morning sun,

More fair than the twelve white stars in her crown, The Mother of God to the Gate came down.

The Angels, at sight of her, struck the strings, Till the sound ran to meet her, like rushing of wings

All of silver. St. Peter, that held the Keys, Unmitted before her and went on his knees.

Ringed round her the Saints, like an aureole clear, But "yea" from St. Peter none could hear.

Then, ever in haste, St. Joseph ran To Him who, when scarce he measured a span,

Had lain in St. Joseph's arms and smiled, And clung to his neck, a two years' Child,

With the strange buried flowers, as it were, shining sweet,

Shining large, thro' His Hands, thro' His Side, thro' His Feet, In a mist of glory and golden state Mary's Son went down to the Gate—

And God Almighty looked from His Throne, And saw He was left in Heaven alone.

At His Will returning, a soft, white flame Dividing the silence, a Seraph came,

And told how all Heaven, from south and from north,

At St. Joseph's prayer had in turn gone forth—

And, for sake of St. Joseph, were gathered a great Multitude beautiful down at the Gate.

Spoke God our Lord—and His Smile was kind—"Go say that St. Peter must change his mind.

Without court, without singers, am I to stay Till what time St. Joseph has got his way?

If St. Joseph's prayers are to empty Heaven, Go say that his client must be forgiven."

## The Beloved

WHEN the storm was in the sky, And the west was black with showers, My Beloved came by

With His Hands full of flowers—

Red burning flowers,

Like flame that pulsed and throbbed—
And beyond in the rain-smitten bowers
The turtle-dove sobbed.

(Sweet in the rough weather The voice of the turtle-dove— "Beautiful altogether

Is my Love.

His Hands are open spread for love

And full of jacinth stones—

As the apple-tree among trees of the grove Is He among the sons."

The voice of the turtle-dove
Sweet in the wild weather—
"Until the daybreak dwells my Love
Among the hills of Bether.

Among the lilied lawns of Bether, As a young hart untired—

Chosen out of thousands,—altogether

To be desired.")

When the night was in the sky,
And heavily went the hours,

My Beloved drew nigh

With His Hands full of flowers— Burning red flowers

Like cups of scented wine-

And He said, "They are all ours, Thine and Mine.

"I gathered them from the bitter Tree— Why dost thou start? I gathered the Five of them for thee,

Child of My Heart.

These are they that have wrung my Heart, And with fiercest pangs have moved Me—

I gathered them-why dost thou shrink apart?

In the house of them that loved Me."

(Sweet through the rain-swept blast The moan of the turtle-dove—

"You that see Him go past

Tell Him I languish with love.

Thou hast wounded my heart, O my Love!

With but one look of Thine eyes,

While yet the boughs are naked above And winter is in the skies.")

"Honey-laden flowers

For the children nursed on the knee, Who sow not bramble among their bowers—

But what "He said "for thee?

Not joys of June for thee,

Not lily, no, nor rose-

For thee the blossom of the bitter Tree, More sweet than ought that blows."

(The voice of the turtle-dove—
"How shall my heart be fed

With pleasant apples of love,

When the winter time has fled. The rain and the winter fled.

How all His gifts shall grace me, When His Left Hand is under my head, And His Right Hand doth embrace me.")

## Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde

(Louise de la Vallière)

SCOURGE, and cilice, and feet unshod, And Office, and fast, and the love of God.

The grille, and the cell, and the sweet Vows three, And the holy habit—for me! for me!

For me, who at first in the state of grace, Blushed when the great sin looked in my face—

Who housed desire of it unconfessed In the bosom that once received God for its Guest—

Who, with peril and guilt of it all to me known, Drank of it, laved in it, made it mine own.

Oh! God of mine, nailed up on the Rood, Why hast Thou waited? oh! Kind—oh! Good—

God of my heart, on the bitter Tree Waiting, when I would not hear of Thee.

My sin loaded the scourge that tore To pieces the Body that Mary bore—

My sin launched the blows and disgrace To change and to mar all Thy beautiful Face—

And I, when for ever from pain Thou didst part, Clove to Its Centre Thy dear dead Heart—

My All! my Jesus! still can it be, Thy Heart and the holy habit—for me?

Through the sorrows of Mary Thy Mother, who stood
With the sword in her soul beneath the Rood,

Through the added sorrow her grief brought Thee Assoil Thou those that have sinned through me. . .

Chimes! . . . and another to-morrow near—And after to-morrow year on year. . . .

Lord, for such as I used to be I have given my body to grief and Thee,

To broken sleep, and girdle of iron,
And scourgings to blood, and the flags to lie on—

Wait, wait but for them as for me Thou didst wait, Who came unwilling, and came so late—

Oh! Kind—oh! Gentle—I chose not Thee—My Jesus, why hast Thou chosen me?

Chimes . . . and the long night going its way
Till the next chime bringeth another day—

Penance, and fast, and the feet unshod, And a living death, and the love of God.

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# A Legend of St. Elizabeth

O<sup>N</sup> her rough cloak fall her tears Diamond wise. "Father, my fears Bid me next unfold," she saith, The sweet Saint Elizabeth.

"In God's name, Amen," the Friar Maketh answer. Fringed with brier, Under alders and grey sky, Grey the river runneth by.

Weeping, "What and if," saith she, "God should little care for me? Through my faults kept from Him far, Dole and doubts my portion are."

"Tell me," the Friar saith to her, The Franciscan, Rodinger, "Dost thou love Him?" "Yea," she saith, "Then, give credence," saith he. "More Easy much it were that o'er The grey water thou shouldst see Come to us you alder tree,

"Than that the Lord God should have For the creature whom he gave Being to, breath and life and limb, Less love than it hath for Him."

Streaks of sunset fire 'gin show, Broken in the flood's grey flow. From the further bank, behold, The alder over the wan gold

Of the wavering river tide Crosseth to the hither side, And itself in the new sod Planteth. Ever blessed be God.

# In the Days of the Press-gang

### VIRELAI

(Rhythme d'Alain Chartier)

To the fair, the rest Gone with quip and jest, Did you, ready dressed In your Sunday best, Wait me long, my dear?

Sun dipped down the west—Rose died in your breast—Putting by, distressed, Hood in the oak chest,
Did you drop a tear?

No sound did you hear Of a scuffle near? From the moonlit pier See no boat load steer, Poor Jack Tar just pressed? Long year after year
I must wait and fear—
Will your heart not veer?
Will it with brave cheer
Stand, my dear, such test?

## Uncertainties

PINK linen bonnet, Pink cotton gown, Roses printed on it, Hands burnt brown.

Oh! blithe were all the piping birds and the goldenbelted bees,

And blithe sang she on the doorstep, with her apronfull of peas.

Sound of scythe and mowing, Where buttercups grew tall; Sound of red kine lowing, And early milkmaid's call.

Sweet she sang on the doorstep, with the young peas in her lap,

And he came whistling up the lane, with the ribbons in his cap.

"You called me a bad penny
That wouldn't be sent away—
But here's goodbye to you. Jenny,
For many and many a day.

There's talk of cannon and killing-Nay, never turn so white! And I've taken the king's shilling-

I took it last night."

Oh! merry, merry piped the thrushes up in the cherry tree.

But dumb she sat on the doorstep, and out through

the gate went he.

Scent of hay and summer; Red evening sky; Noise of fife and drummer: Men marching by.

The hay will be carried presently, and the cherries

gathered all,

And the corn stand yellow in the shocks, and the leaves begin to fall.

> Perhaps some evening after, With no more song of thrush, The lads will cease their laughter, And the maids their chatter hush: And word of blood and battle Will mix with the sound of the flail. And lowing of the cattle, And clink of the milking pail; And one will read half fearful A list of names aloud: And a few will stagger tearful Out of the little crowd; And she, perhaps, half doubting, Half knowing why she came,

Will stand among them, pouting,
And hear, perhaps, his name—
Will weep, perhaps, a little, as she wanders up the
lane,
And wish one summer morning were all to do again.

## Ballade

#### A DOUBLE REFRAIN

THERE was a tree where the lilies grew tall In the happy Garden, and carried freight So fair that it seemed like a festival

When the apple of Death Eve plucked and ate.

- And Tree there was on a hill desolate,

Gibbet-planted, without the wall

Of the city, and under in sword-stricken state Mary, consenting to save us all.

"As gods shall ye be," said the Angel, whose fall Had dragged half Heaven through the Beautiful Gate;

And Adam made haste at her shrill, sweet call
When the apple of Death Eve plucked and ate.
And an Angel it was who was bidden to wait

For Yea or for Nay in the chamber small,

When spoke without doubt and without debate Mary, consenting to save us all.

Like lamps 'mid the leaves hung the gold-fruit ball And the red, where the birds whistled each to its mate; On high, doves built as in flower-domed hall
When the apple of Death Eve plucked and ate.
But for Him lifted up, while the Wounds grew
more great

That held Him, the savour of myrrh and gall, And for crown of His sorrow to contemplate

Mary, consenting to save us all.

#### Envoi

Jesus! to rescue us scheming straight When the apple of Death Eve plucked and ate, Thou wouldst have by the Rood as erst in the Stall Mary, consenting to save us all.

## Dried Lavender

H, the sweet dried lavender! Oh, the more than scent in it! The butterflies and bees astir, The pipe of linnets pent in it! Brick and smoke and mire have fled— Time and space between drop dead— Oh, the sweet dried lavender! I can hear the pigeons whirr— I can count the quarters chiming— I can watch the ivy climbing— Clinging close from eave to basement, Clasping, shadowing all the casement. Within, against the raftered wall, The oaken press stands black and tall— I see its folded linen store Gleam athwart its open door-I smell the lavender fresh-dried Strewing all the shelves inside. Unmade is yet your shroud, mother— Not yet you are in heaven— You count the sheets aloud, mother, And smooth and lay them even.

Your jingling keys, with music low, Measure your steppings to and fro. And, sorting, piling, still you croon Some soft, half-uttered cradle tune.

Oh, the sweet dried lavender!
I hear the wise old tabby purr,
Curled on the window-sill asleep,
Where winter sunlights slant and creep.

I hear, without, familiar babel

Of turkeys at the barn-door, I, perched upon the kitchen table

In socks and pinafore.
My head is all a golden mop;
Upon my cheek the round tears drop;
The frosty morning weather nips
My nose and toes and finger tips.

Mother, so quick you leave your sheets! The shelf of sugars and of sweets So well you rifle for my meal, Almond and fig and candied peel!

You chafe my little palms, mother— You kiss away their cold—

You take me in your arms, mother—And I am five years old.

## A Mésalliance

(TRIOLET)

Is she mine,—and for life,—
And drinks tea from her saucer!
She eats with her knife—
Is she mine—and for life?
When I asked her to wife
All her answer was "Lor', sir!"
Is she mine? and for life?
And drinks tea from her saucer!

## The End of the Season

(TRIOLET)

WHEN Di was seventeen,
And I her one lover,
She'd have listened, I ween.
When Di was seventeen
She—Oh, fool that I've been!
Now the time's past and over
When Di was seventeen
And I her one lover.

# Wedding-days

(RONDEL)

BROCADE pearl grey in place of white,
Gold hair all silver, Rosalie,
Fifty years hence—yet more to me
Than even, my one year's wife, to-night
Rocking thy first-born in my sight.
How seems the picture unto thee,
Brocade pearl grey in place of white,
Gold hair all silver, Rosalie?

My helpmeet still, my same delight,
Fifty years hence (if God agree)
With this son's grandson on thy knee,
As this day year full fitly dight,
Brocade pearl grey in place of white,
Gold hair all silver, Rosalie.

## Rondeau

"IN violet and primrose time
The Via Crucis must ye climb?"—
"Yea, for the month that sows the lea"
(They said) "with blossom, saw the Tree
Whose Flowers were Five, Rose-red, Sublime.

"The Mater Dolorosa rhyme
Is our Spring song; while, through each clime,
Mourn Priests, mourn Altars, as ye see,
In violet.

"But wot ye of our Feast, when chime"
(They said) "the Paschal bells? From crime
New shriven, when Christ's fair Body we
Receive, and wish our hearts might be
His house thenceforth from Prime till Prime
Inviolate."

## Rondeau

"DO as ye list," the Serpent said,
Where Eden trees flowered rose and red;
And fair Eve trembling plucked and ate.
Ah! the rough briers without the gate.
Ah! the white feet ere dusk that bled.

To His beloved He, whose sharp bed
Was the tall Rood, this hard, sweet, dread
Word giveth, "Ye shall not early or late
Do as ye list."

Oh! perfect souls, on penance fed,
Into God's golden town being led
At last, in all things small and great,
Through endless years of aureoled state
Ye shall, secure and comforted,
Do as ye list.

## Rondeau

H AIL, full of grace, thy dolours done.
Like silver lamps thy throne before
Fade shall thy lilies nevermore.

Never again shall anyone
For thirty pence thy crowned Son
Sell, and to scourge and bloody floor
Hale.

On Him again, while thy tears run,
No bleak wind through a stable door
Shall blow. None yet on Heaven's still shore
Saw ever frost, none snowfall, none
Hail.

## Rondeau Redoublé

THE dream thou'rt dreaming—tell it very low,
Sweet lad, among the reeds and the tall grass
lying;

Doth it rush to meet thee, or do its wings beat

slow?

Would thy heart break (dost think) if it dropped dying?

Is't of a casement where grey doves sit sighing?
Or of long, fair lawns, with lilies and a fountain's flow,

And one through trellised alleys lightly hieing,
The dream thou'rt dreaming? Tell it very low.

One with a face like a flower? Ah, no! ah, no! Thou seest, within thy dream, an old monk tying Rose-bunches for the altar—Is't not so,

Sweet lad, among the reeds and the tall grass lying?

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E--2

Barefooted, never questioning, never replying, Silent for life, thou seest them come and go— Oh! most dear dream—worth with thy heart's blood buving—

Doth it rush to meet thee, or do its wings beat

slow?

Oh! dream beloved—at noon, nightfall, cock-crow
To find those pale, rope-girdled Fathers trying
Its spirit—in a year and a day it must bud and
blow—

Would thy heart break (dost think) if it dropped dying?

A year and a day, and no more any denying
Thy right each eve one spadeful more to throw
Out of thy half-dug grave, nor the satisfying
Thy thirst for penance—fond lad! yea, well I
know

The dream thou'rt dreaming.

# Holy Communion for the Sick

EVEN to me, whose heart, like a cold rock, Hath steeled herself so long against Thy knock—

Wilt come to me, fair Christ, in the white Host, Even as Thou dost to those that love Thee most?

To me, who find no word wherewith to greet The entering of Thy swift and lovely Feet— No word, though Thou should'st lift and lay to rest This poor, dull head Thyself upon Thy Breast.

Crowned King, my little stairway hung should be With cloth of gold powdered with pearls for Thee, And with white samite, where thick sewn should lie Thousands of diamonds for Thy passing by.

Lord, when they left Thee in the sepulchre Was scent of finest balms, of spice and myrrh, And round its door the flowers of the young Spring Lent all their perfume for Thy burying. But in my heart no sweet flowers shalt Thou see, No box of spikenard—dost Thou come to me? To me, more cold than the cold stable place Where first Thy Mother looked upon Thy Face.

There, sooth, no blossom budded round Thy bed—No jewelled thurible her odours shed—But, than choice honey sweeter, and more fair Than a king's garden, Mary's heart was there.

Oh, Victim, helpless borne here in the Host, I will entreat Thy Mother with that most Pure heart of love to make amends to Thee For all thou lackest whilst thou art with me.

## Ballade

#### FOR A SEWING PARTY

N EEDLES nimbly plying and thread,
Wives and busy maids, behold
The Ladye Mary, about whose head
Clung unseen the aureole's gold,
Spinning fold on small fair fold,
Wherein, helpless little One
Sans all comfort save her kiss,
She should cherish her sweet Son—
(Pray ye) "Bless our work begun,
Mater Admirabilis."

Maids and mothers, see her shed
Tears, like pearls of price untold,
Over the white wool that red
Should be, when the great drops rolled
Shuddering to the garden mould.
Seamless garment—hast thou spun
Length of it and breadth for this,
To stand by and watch it won
With rude dice, redeemed by none,
Mater Admirabilis?

Ever, 'neath her gentle tread
(Sweetly she the while growing old)
Hums her loom, whence spring and spread
Stores of raiment, amply doled
To all poor folk in the cold.
From her loom what broideries run,
For the altar woven, I wis,
Fair beyond comparison.
(Pray ye) "Bless our work that's done,
Mater Admirabilis."

#### Envoi

Queen! y-clad as with the sun,
Thy meek toil our pattern is.
"Give us grace all sloth to shun,"
(Pray ye) "and thy benison,
Mater Admirabilis."

# "Non vos Me elegistis, sed Ego eligi vos"

WHICH was thy blessëd day? Was it when the trees

Foamed with fair blossom on a sunset sky, And the birds piped, and homeward strayed the

And thy heart joyed because her June was nigh? Because lover's eyes thine eyes uplifted met?

Nay, but the day when, in winter, by the grey sea, The Voice spoke stabbing thy soul, "Thine own forget,

And come, follow Me."

Not when the cithern music clamoured sweet

Through the myrtles, and the barges rocked at
the river stair—

Not when they led thee, roses beneath thy feet, Ingold bud-broidered robe, with pearl-bound hairBut when, beyond sound of the oars' sun-dazzling dips,

Far, far beyond reach of the flutes and the jas-

mine alleys,

A Hand pierced through held to thy shuddering lips
The bitter chalice.

Not, not the day when torch and trumpet blare Girdled thy landing, and wine did the fountains

Nor the day when swords for sake of thee flashed

bare

Shalt thou confess as "blessëd" the Judge before—

But the day, from feast and clash of bells witheld
Of them in marriage given and them that marry,
When Christ all wounds went by, and thee compelled

His cross to carry.

## Double Ballade

"THAT Winter was years ago
When we saved each stick and shred
For fuel," you say? No, no!
Else why am I still unwed?
The feast is ready to spread.
Though none but women remain,
There'll be wine and wheaten bread
When René comes home again.

While the trumpets blared So-ho!
They rode where the Emperor led.
And women must reap and sow
In men's and in striplings' stead—
Must plough, or none could be fed,
Through the black east winds and rain—
Oh, sweet the loom and the thread
When René comes home again!

'Twill be Spring, the trees will blow,
The rose at the gate bud red,
As red as the lint rags grow
Where a sabre thrust has bled.

Somebody's lover is dead . . . . For I heard them speak it plain . . The tale will go out of my head When René comes home again.

How say you? "my feet are slow?"
Yea, frozen; as heavy as lead.
"White hair?"—oh! that is the snow
Through this unthatched milking-shed.
God knows we are sore bested!
Courage—'tis I shall be fain
In white bride-gear habited
When René comes home again.

See the robe laid here—Fair show!
With herbs from a June that's fled
Thro' its folds cast to and fro',
And with fine lace garlanded
Somebody's lover, with dread
Changed face, lies stark 'mid the slain
To be left i' the snow for bed,
When René comes home again.

They'll come as we saw them go
(The colours in rags, I've read,)
When loud bells clamoured and low,
And trumpeters trumpeted.
Proud rents, where bullets have sped!
'Tis I shall hear in the lane
First sound of the charger's tread
When René comes home again.

## La Guillotine

#### VILLANELLE

ERE the knife came down that smote and slew You sang 'mid the rose-trees, Désirée, "Notre Dame qui pleurez, priez pour nous."

Married were we while the roses blew,
And the land was sweet with scent of the hay,
Ere the knife came down that smote and slew.

The fair French land!—and summer, and you Lilting by lawn and by fountains' play, "Notre Dame qui pleurez, priez pour nous."

. . . Ah! whom did they bind, while fiercer grew
The seething mob in the tumbril's way
Ere the knife came down that smote and slew?

White dove! white Désirée! I rushed through The crowd at the scaffold,—heard you say "Notre Dame qui pleurez, priez pour nous—" A minute, while one more breath you drew,
Your face like a rose 'mid the sawdust lay
Ere the knife came down . . that smote . . . and slew.

# A Legend

THE setting sun an aureole made
About her hair. With eyes that strayed
Not from the book—"Lord God," she prayed,

And ended not—for in the door Her women beckoned—"Lady, sore In need three pilgrims alms implore."

And she fared forth those three to greet, And set before them wine and meat, And bathed and kissed their way-worn feet,

In honour of three that, angel-told, Took their long journey—one growing old— One weeping she could not warmer fold Her little Babe that wept for cold.

Dying was the sunset fire and flare When at length she, climbing again the stair, Returned untroubled to her prayer. "Lord God," began she—and from the hall Came sudden shrilling clamour and call Of her young children playing at ball,

With wrath of two, and tears of one, And in the door her eldest son, Breathless and beckoning, urged her, "Run,

"Sweet mother of mine! for sturdy blow My brothers each on each bestow, And stint not——" Then, with no least show

Or of reluctance or annoy, In honour of one whose dear employ Was to tend God, a little Boy— Whom God called Mother and served with joy,

Descending, she, with gentlest word, Sweetly through all the outcry heard, Chid softly two and kissed the third,

And hushed and healed their strife perplexed, And up and down played with them next, And to her prayer returned unvexed.

Red glory of the west was gone—
The first star white in the lattice shone—
"Lord God," she prayed—and on the stone

Rang steps, and she was 'ware, before The next word, of her husband in the door, And blood that trickled to the floor. "My half-tamed falcon," said he, "missed The prey I tossed, and, ere I wist, 'Twixt rage and sport she rent my wrist—

Wilt balsam bring to cure the smart? None virtue hath as thine, dear heart." Unfretted she set her book apart,

In honour of him, whom Mary Maid And Mother and Queen herself obeyed, At bidding of whom she went or stayed, Nor murmured once nor once delayed.

Washed she and bound his hurt with care, Nor time did count, nor labour spare, And yet again turned back to her prayer.

Dusk was the lattice—and behold! On the page the Collect still untold Stood written in letters of pure gold.







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